[MAY 1, 1995]

PHILISTINE

Staff: Tanesha Jemison, Thendera Kida, Bil Sherman & Matt Moon. Layout: Emilie Jaffe
Issue 0, Vol. 0 cover design by Paul Heath

from the desk

To all SFAI students and faculty... Rock on! The Philistine would like to thank all of you for making our dreams come true which was to make the best art school newspaper in the world. I guess hard work and determination really isn't a bunch of propaganda; 1% inspiration, 99% perspiration and boy was it a sweat shop in the Philistine headquarters. We labored selflessly over thought provoking articles on issues we know you're concerned with sidesplitting comix and fabulous artwork from cream of the crop SFAI students and what would an art school newspaper be without poetry. It's all in there and we were the one's who brought it to you. WE can only hope with Issue 832 volume 832 the magic will happen again.

See we are artists who work with what we have and try to do the best with it. While me and fellow editor Tanesha Jemison were signing copies of the premiere ish at City Lights bookstore in North Beach a bedraggled, white, twentysomething nappy haired urban youth butted up to the front of the line of eager artfag wannabes screaming "you goddamimmature sarcastic negative egotistical mother fucking sleazy shit ball art school newspaper editors you." He knocked down my decaf mocha and I was pissed.

Afterwards, Tanesha, Thendera and I talked over ginfizzes and cocktail wieners at our penthouse on lower Divisadero while looking over movie offers for the story of the making of the Philistine (if Tom Cruise plays me, no deal!) as we shared our experiences of the past few weeks we found that it's possible not everybody has died and gone to heaven over Ish #0. It took us a few minutes to adjust after the realization. Sure, we are immature sarcastic egotistical mother fucking sleazy shitball art school newspaper editors but we're not negative where did he get that

idea. Right then Tenesha broke down on her knees and started to cry. She wept "I just call them like I see them I didn't mean to hurt anybody." Thendera and I tried to console her but she headed straight for the window. "Shit!" I screamed. We already had four Philistine related suicide attempts that week and I wasn't about to go through that emotional roller coaster again. So after Thendera and I tackled Tenesha and a few more Ginfizzes were passed around the room the mood began to lighten up but there was one question on our minds. "What had we done wrong, were we really negative?"

Despite arguments made by Connie Chung, Michael Stipe, Courtney Love, Howard Stern, Madonna, Wynona Rider, Boyz II Men, Trent Rezner and the S.F.P.D. we're not negative, critical, yes! negative, No! is the Philistine mantra.

The next Monday after another hardcore sex-packed drug induced weekend the staff checked the mail and found we hadn't checked the mail in quite a while. We were so busy with international press conferences and magazine signings as well as our cameos in Broadway musical big screen movies and hit TV shows (yes, we have other talents) we forgot about our reader mail. The students at SFAI had questions and it was our duty to give them answers. We cleared the quaterinch layer of dust off our desks and mulled through the hate, love, and apathy mail and here were the results:

Love——79%
Apathy—4%^
Hate——.5%
Other—16%

I think the proper thing to do here is to answer some of our concerned readers questions and set the record straight or as we say here at the Philistine gaily even.

Dear Philistine: Loved Issue 0 you rocked my buttons off! Can I send you some poetry for Issue 832? *Love, Wannabee*

Dear Wannabe: No. **Dear Philistine:** I disagree wholeheatedly with Tanesha Jemison Art can exist in a vacuum and I've got a Hoover big enough for the whole Diego Gallery. *The Yelloe Ranger*

Dear Yellow Ranger: Right on Sister!

Dear Philistine: Why do you say "Fuck Art Fags." I've heard from a bunch of different sourcesthat the whole Philistine staffare a bunch of Art fags. I'm an Artfag and I offended [sic] that you would stay in the closet instead of fighting on the front linesof the revolution of artfaginess, besides I need a date and I don't seem to get laid in this school. *Artfag X*

p.s. Cookies and Liz are sooooo funny!

Dear Artfag: God dammit your right we are artfags down to the very last one of us we tried to congeal it with bad haircuts but we know the truth. We've been hiding way too longhoping we'd blend in with oily canvesses in the courtyard. I believe Tanesha was writing about the pretentiousness and other bad characteristics that have been attached to the image of the artfag. So I'm saying this right now. Artfags Unite! You don't have to be a homo to be an artfag and you straight artfags know who you are. So come on it's not just a revolution it's a party especially at the Art Institute where so much is possible and probably not.

Dear Philistine: What about the chicken shit? Didn't Bill Sherman like the chicken shit? *Ella King Torrey*

Dear Prez: Chicken shit is so 1992. Blowpops are the hot new stench of the week kkep up with the times will ya!

Dear Philistine: Annie Moronisso Kool do you think if we asked nice enough she would go out with us? *Sincerely, Paul, George, and Ringo*

Dear Beatles: Sorry guys annie is currently dating Jerry king of Rock and Rol Garcia.

I wish the Philistine had room for me to answer each and every letter but with a budget of $600 an issue I can't. But I hope I've shed some light on some foggy notions and have cleared a path for Issue 832 of the Philistine. I would like to propose that issue 832 be called the Chillistine because this issue we are chillin' maxin' the facts and cutting through the chicken shit that shrouded issue 0. We hope we can bring joy to more readers this issue. And we hope we can bring some sense of that community we wrote about so fondly in ish 0 (although we received even less contributions this issue, come on are we really that scary?) After all fame and fortune are one thing but we have to remember what's really important – the community from which we sprang from that gave us life that nurtured us. Without that is there a reason for the chillistine or art in general? I don't know, it's something to think about when you're signing over your loan check in the cashier's office or spewing paint on a canvas or photographing that nude chick in just the right light or editing your pornos in a new genres editing suite or ... or... anyway, that's what we think about here at the Philistine Inc. Be it a trivial pursuit or not it makes us feel good that we have something to contribute and from the look of it you're receiving it with open arms.

Again I hope you enjoy ish 832 as much as you enjoyed ish 0. We hope we'll continue to be your art schooling mag of choice in semesters to come.

December 23, 1994
Dear Tanesha,

I'm sorry you had such a difficult and frustrating time soliciting work for the Fall semester's Philistine. I saw your notices up (how could I miss them?) and didn't submit work partly because I am very busy and don't have much time to investigate things that I otherwise would. However, sometimes, even if I am really busy, if something clearly appeals to me or calls my name, I can find a way to make the time for it. I didn't in this case. I thought it might be interesting for you if I told you why.

My experience here has been very different from yours. I feel as if, for the first time in my life, I am not an alien. Almost accidentally, I have found myself in an environment where my peers use the same vocabulary as myself; where I am struck, daily, by how relevant my day-to-day existance is to my spiritual/emotional existance; where I am challenged and encouraged to delve further into both myself and my art in ways I wouldn't have thought to on my own; where I am struggling to understand and appreciate art at an entirely new level; and where I am blown away, again and again, by the strength and bravery of my peer's art.

So, although my busy schedule was a factor, for the most part I didn't get involved with the Fall semester's Philistine because I was already so heavily involved in a relationship with SFAI -- I was not looking for other ways to express myself or get involved. My classes, my interactions with other students, discussions with teachers, and my free time spent on campus all felt very much like a positive, supportive and growing community. Reading the Philistine, it sounded as if you thought the the sole reason people had resisted involvement was because they had no interest in community interaction and sharing. That was not the case for me at all. It was more that I already felt as if my needs for community and interaction were fulfilled. I do not experience the type of "smug indifference...and mistrust" that you talk about.

Emilie Jaffe

There is another element, related to this, that contributed to my reasons for not getting involved. It was this: there is a small

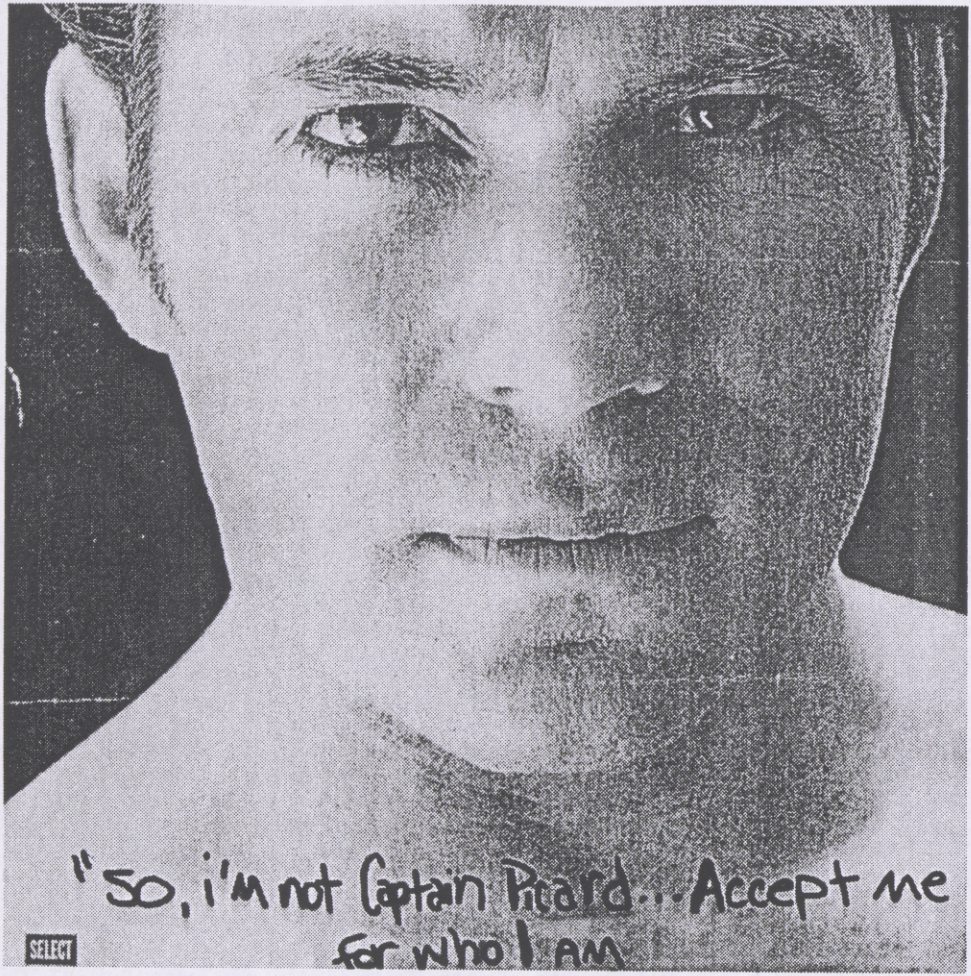
There is another element, related to this, that contributed to my reasons for not getting involved. It was this: there is a small minority of SFAI students who seem very stylish and hip, but frankly, seem also mean-spirited and negative. In classes or at lunch sometimes, I am astonished by their powers to exclude and dominate. Maybe it was this element you were referring to when you said, "This place is a fucking miasma of pretentiousness!" But to me, in many ways, at the same time you were cursing this inevitable part of art school, you were emulating it. It is very easy to scream obscenities at the world. There is nothing fresh or interesting about a person's ability to belittle everything and everyone around them in one broad, generalized sweep of their pen. My decision not to investigate the Philistine was supported in my mind by the possibility that the publication might succumb to that attitude -- the sexy but bitter, judgemental, and exceedingly hip and dangerous stance that life sucks and that nobody understands that more than yourself.

I realize that to admit this was a factor in my mind, is to admit that by my absence, I allowed such a thing to happen. By not adding my own more positive voice to the publication, I allowed the very voice that I was afraid would dominate, to dominate. Sort of a paradox for myself, personally.

When I read the issue, I felt mostly disappointment. Everything was "fuck you," "fuck off," and "Don't mind fuck us, we'll go off on you!!" Whatever that means. Does that mean, "Fuck you, I hate your guts for not giving a damn about this publication, so if you say anything in criticsm of it, I'll tell you to go fuck yourself."?

I think of media as, when it functions properly, being a two-way street. You want and need input. A zine, in my mind, is sort of a mix between media and art, so it's a little more hazy. But generally, I'd think you'd want to invite and encourage dialogue as much as possible, whether or not people were supposrtive at the time of publication.

I know the frustrations involved in doing a project like this. I am not trying to belittle that. I am writing out of a sense of community, a desire to present my perspective of what our community is here at SFAI. Perhaps there were others like myself who resisted contributing for similiar reasons and then found themselves disappointed in the tone of the issue. I acknowledge that by my absence, I helped to foster that tone. Hopefully, we can create a more positive issue in the Spring.


"So, i'm not Captain Picard... Accept me
for who I am
SELECT

Wesley Wozniak

Massive dreams in little skulls.
Broken hands holding down raging souls.
Swinging sticks, and throating words,
fly through the air like ugly birds.
Broken nails on finger tips,
Raging beasts with bloody lips
bathed in wine from twisted cups.
That that spilled, the earth soaked up.
And all the world was drunk.

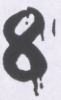
We're all just a hop skip and a jump from the gates of hell.
Pore another glass, enjoy the view, you might as well.

Its gona get cold

Things are not as I had left them.
You have all grown older,
Changed your minds.

To change my eyes
to tears that must be cured.
With each tear, a pinch of salt over my shoulder.
I stand here with the sea at my back.
It will swallow me soon;
And I persist to change the same.
Unwillingly changing my mind.

Oh dear hold my heart
Back in it's drawer
Back in the dark
A tune it drums,
A slow beat.
Alone it drums
Incessantly.
For no one to hear.



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JON —

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THANK YOU.

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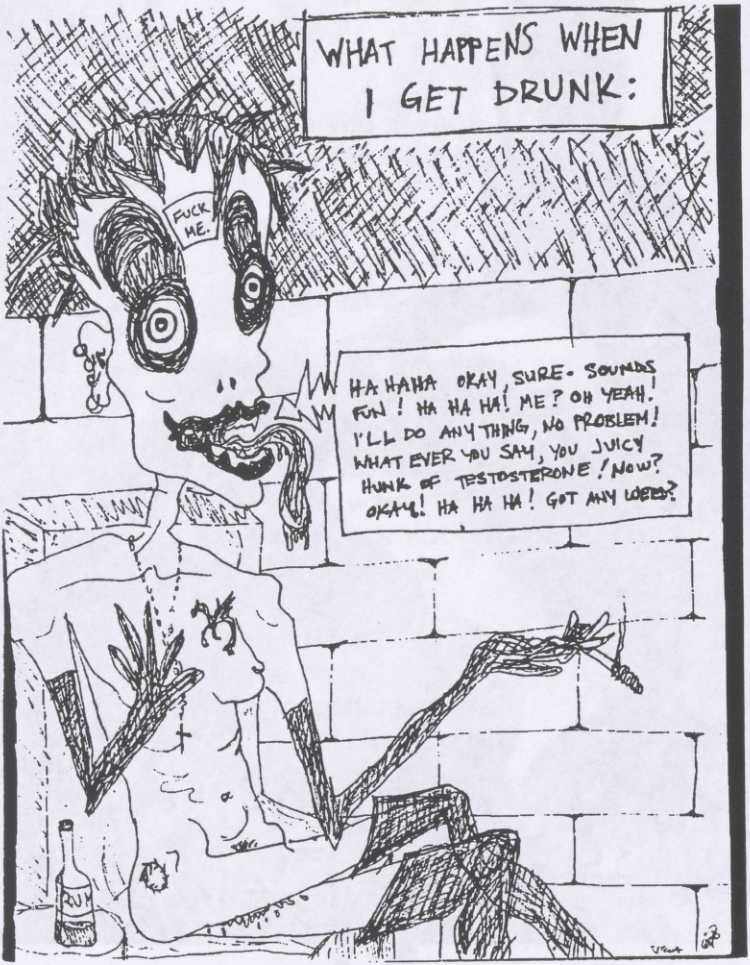
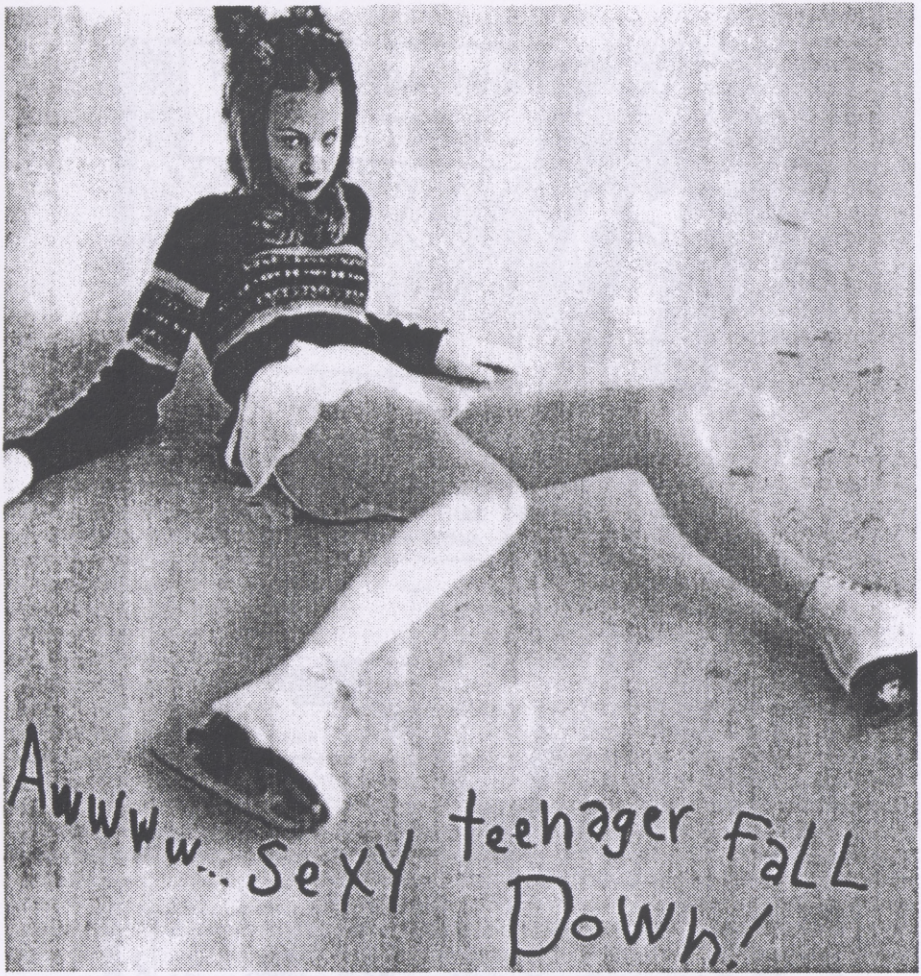

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I GET DRUNK:
FUCK ME.
HA HAHA OKAY, SURE. SOUNDS FUN! HA HA HA! ME? OH YEAH! I'LL DO ANY THING, NO PROBLEM! WHATEVER YOU SAY, YOU JUICY HUNK OF TESTOSTERONE! NOW? OKAY! HA HA HA! GOT ANY WEED?
RUM


Awwww... Sexy teenager fall Down!

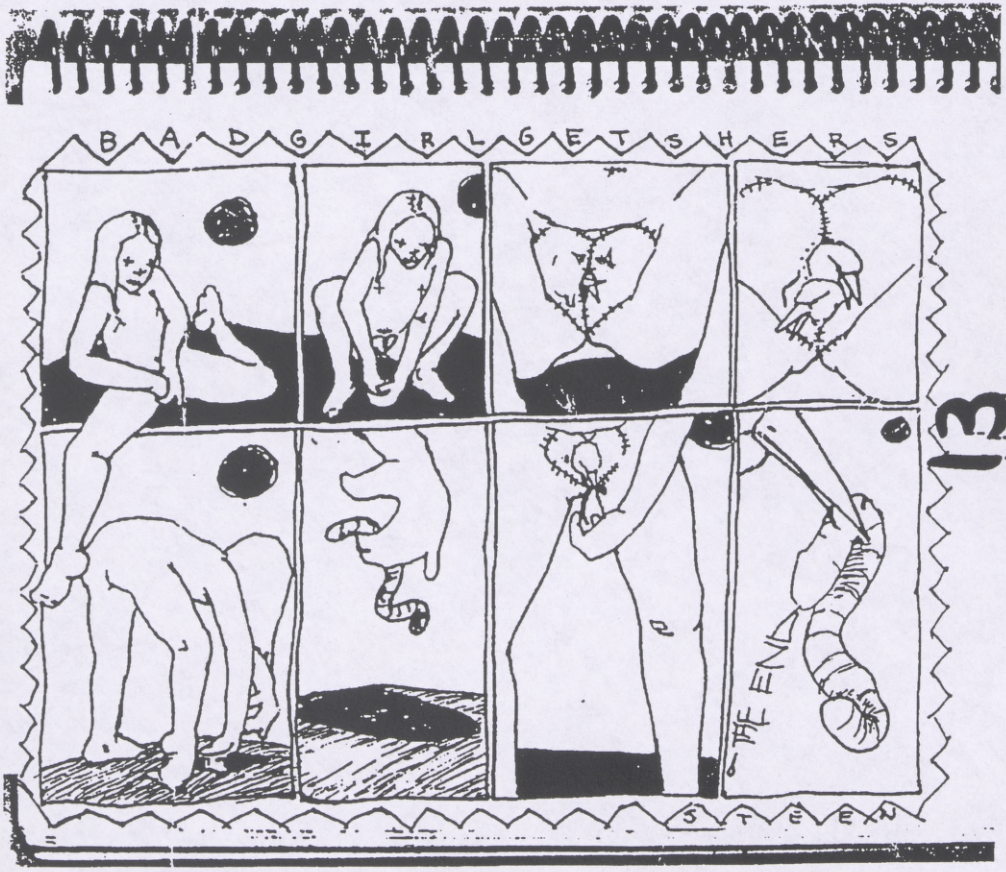
Untitled

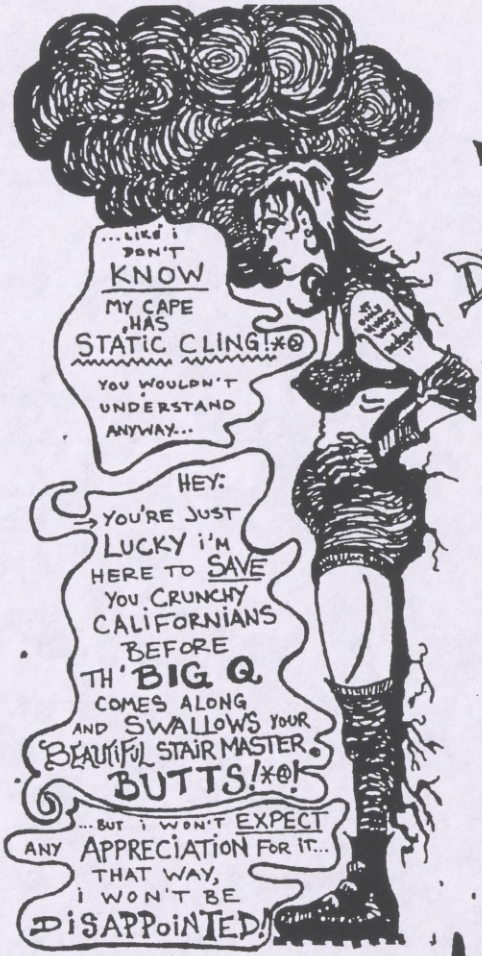
Why are you naked
in the bathtub?

I am cleaning the waters
of the sand from my feet
I am bringing the two birds
outside
Early in the morning
I can see the sugar in my
red morning juice
and can taste the butter
in this warm bread
The dogs are out running around
killing people

Who crying?
Come on in
You're getting to be
such a big kitty
Did you know that?

Barret Heaton


BADGIRLGETSHERS
THE END
STEEN


...LIKE I DON'T KNOW
MY CAPE HAS STATIC CLING!*@
YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYWAY...
HEY:
YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I'M HERE TO SAVE YOU CRUNCHY CALIFORNIANS BEFORE TH' BIG Q COMES ALONG AND SWALLOWS YOUR BEAUTIFUL STAIR MASTER BUTTS!*@!
...BUT I WON'T EXPECT ANY APPRECIATION FOR IT... THAT WAY, I WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED!

THE WACKY ADVENTURES OF

WONDER DYSFUNCTIONAL GIRL

NOT MUCH IS KNOWN ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF OUR SUPERHEROINE, BUT RUMOR HAS IT, SHE'S FROM NEW JERSEY AND BEGAN A LIFE OF CRIME FIGHTING AT THE TENDER AGE OF TWELVE; KILLING CHILD PORN PHOTOGRAPHERS WHILE DRESSED IN DIAPERS, ANALLY RAPING FREUDIAN PSYCHOANALYSTS WITH G.I. JOES, RUINING SEVERAL RICH WOMEN'S FRESH MANICURES BY SHAVING THEIR POODLES HAIRLESS IN FRONT OF THEM, AND BURNING DOWN TRAILER PARKS FROM COAST TO COAST.

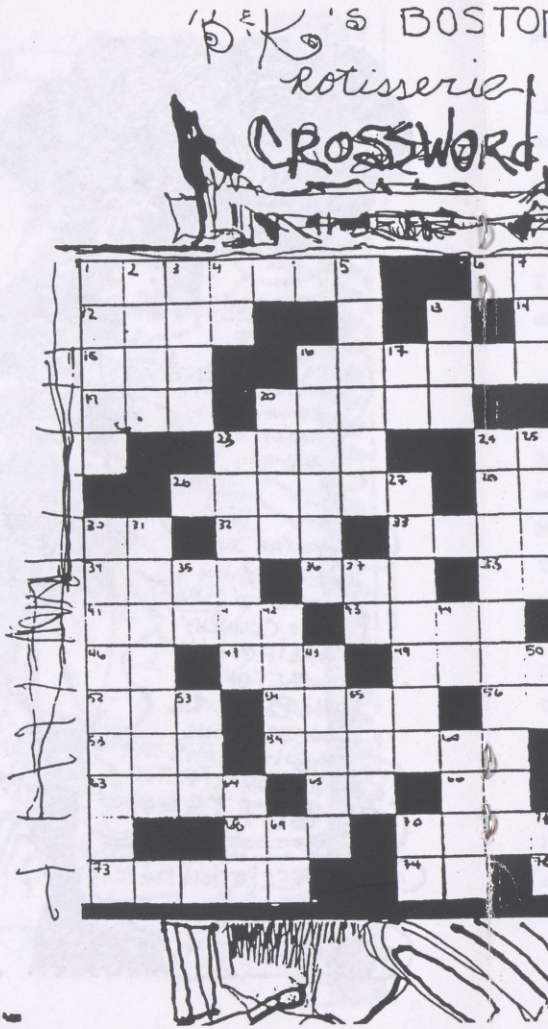
NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHAT DRIVES WONDER DYSFUNCTIONAL GIRL TO CLEAN UP OUR COUNTRY'S SUBURBS, BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE—

-SHE'S NOT ON PROZAC!

(AND SHE DOESN'T TAKE AMERICAN EXPRESS)

ACROSS

1. Shroud (e.g. with fog)
5. _____ Royale, area bar
12. Dutch painter Mondrian
14. Monostat 7 target
15. Columbia's state
16. Wife of Philemon
18. Cause for action (abbr.)
19. ___ite, calcium carbonate rock
20. Boots
22. A.k.a. Richard Bachman
23. Ernie's bunk buddy
24. Rosa Parks' homestate
26. David Duke, for one
28. Incomplete serve
29. Simile word
30. The Rocketman
32. Russian river
33. Atmospheric gas
34. Light source
36. Grass measure
38. Without Limbaugh
41. Felix _____
43. A ____ mortal
45. Pos./Neg.
46. Duran Duran ___
47. See 46 across
49. __ ___ and his dog
51. Eve's leaf
52. 36th pres.
54. A majority
56. Hindu leader
58. Method of birth control
59. Breathing problem
61. Army colour
63. Sperm's [redacted] destination
65. Channel 13 news anchor
66. Two, the Roman way
67. Fostering, in Latin
68. Local radio station, for short



DOWN

1. Bath salts
2. Underground singer
3. Controversial meat
4. Reese's Pieces fan
5. Robert and pot
7. Yesses
8. The (Fr. masc.)
9. 12 step club
10. Ideologies
11. Stirs fire
13. Electron or acrylat ending
16. Cemetery happening
17. Mormon state
20. Robin Goodfellow
21. Greasy spoon
23. Tropical tree
24. Dokken ballad
25. P.M. host
27. Scared limit
29. Torso muscles, for short
30. Bubbly
31. B-52's tune
35. "Queen of American Lakes" (abbr.
37. Simple contraction
39. Flag undone
40. Whiskey & water
42. Capital to Italians
44. Golden Arches mascot
48. Abstinence
50. Recent or fresh; phonetically
53. Wapner's title (abbr.)
55. Herpes, for one
57. Vitamin quota
60. Demeanor
62. Rounds or clips
64. Type of whale
69. Test format
70. Eng. degree, for one

My Dinner Date with Ella King Torrey

words by buzzsaw and Anthony
inspiration from an angel

I THINK THAT MY FIRST memories about dating are most likely buried in the mucky-muck of a post-
adolescent brain, but the intricacies of the institution must remain fresh, and on command, lest I become careless, and make a poor judgment call at a crucial time. Mine and Anthony's date with Miss Ella King Torrey was no different. Had we dropped our guard for one moment, I think our new president would have made hash out of us.

I mean that affectionately. The essence of the first date is probably small talk. It establishes not only the attitude or atmosphere of the exchange, but the truly skilled small-talker can also intermingle witty banter, casual jokes, and exciting anecdotes about days-gone-by, with careful questions that assist the social interrogator in getting to know his new acquaintance.

Anthony and I considered charming the poor lady into a disoriented state, drunk on finesse, style, and an assortment of conversations designed specifically to woo, but thought it unfair, and settled on "Who's your favorite Beatle?" and "If you had to be a Brady, which

Brady would you be?"

What we were able to glean about the ever busy life of Ella King, as Anthony, myself, and close family members are allowed to call her, was limited, but intense. I'm not sure, however, if Anthony and I made a good enough impression to ensure a second date.

The finer points of a woman like Ella King may never be known by the likes of me and Anthony. Maybe we weren't suave enough. Maybe we didn't pick romantic enough or nostalgic enough songs on the juke box. Maybe our charm was dysfunctional for the evening. Maybe a lot of things. The long and short of it is, that Ella King drove off in her newly leased import sedan, alone, and I took the bus home with naught but Anthony.

The finer points of a woman like Ella King may never be known by the likes of me and Anthony.

Ella King has never been in prison, Turkish or otherwise. She is not currently a communist, nor has she ever been married. She DOES, however, bear a striking resemblance to a certain daughter of a certain Aaron Spelling, who shares also a name with Ella (i.e. **Tory**)! Ever seen them together? No! Coincidence? I don't think so. I believe we have stumbled upon the key to this situation. Forget about her favorite Beatle, or which Brady would she be (if such were a hell that even Lucifer had the power to inflict). Screw educational and employment backgrounds! What are her connections to the Spelling fortune? How much of it is mine? Can Captain

Steubing speak at commencement? Did Ricardo Monteblan and Herve Villachez ever do it? That's what I want to know!

Perhaps a little of why there will be no second date has just come out. After our waitress Brenda (aka Sherry) got the proceeding melee under control and the jagged neck of a smashed Tabasco bottle out of my hand, Anthony was able, just barely, to choke out the question upon which so much pivots, both in terms of the Great Tory Spelling Art School Conspiracy, and in terms of all smoothly running first dates: "What are you hiding?" She took it in stride.

Well, it's not tattoos, or a secret Russ Meyer appreciation, or a Gladiator film collection, or a deep-seated resentment of Elvis and his ilk. What it is is her sordid punky rocky youth in London, and some mysterious ties to a suspected pro-Cuban activist, Esther Piatsolla (pronounced as spelled, actually spelled like it's pronounced), which is most likely an assumed name.

Maybe I'm actually ya'll a load of bunkum. Maybe it didn't happen that way at all. Maybe she didn't pay for the meal, and I didn't kill a rogue bus boy for doubting my artistic sensitivities. Maybe she whisked Anthony and I away to her tuition-paid Swiss chalet for a weekend none of us will forget anytime soon, and the butler had to be institutionalized because of it, But I'm not saying. I think Ella King's a darn sweet kid, and I shant kiss and tell. I doubt if she will either but I'm pretty sure interested parties could buy Anthony's secrets with a package of Ding-Dongs.

The problem with our date, as

with all first dates, is that by the time the small talk was done, and real lines of communication were opened, it was time to go. It's not like we could have asked her in for a nightcap, because firstly, neither Anthony not myself can buy alcohol, and secondly, picturing Ella on Muni is like a finely crafted jewel on the floor of some gulag. I doubt she would have been open to driving, because, like I say, her new car probably still had new-car-smell, which Anthony would have killed. So we had to bid Adieu, call it a night. Anthony and I walked away in silence, sharing an introspective tear, and feeling as alone as one (or two) could possible feel in this universe. At that moment we ere everyman. But alas, why dwell upon what could have been? We'll always have Mel's.

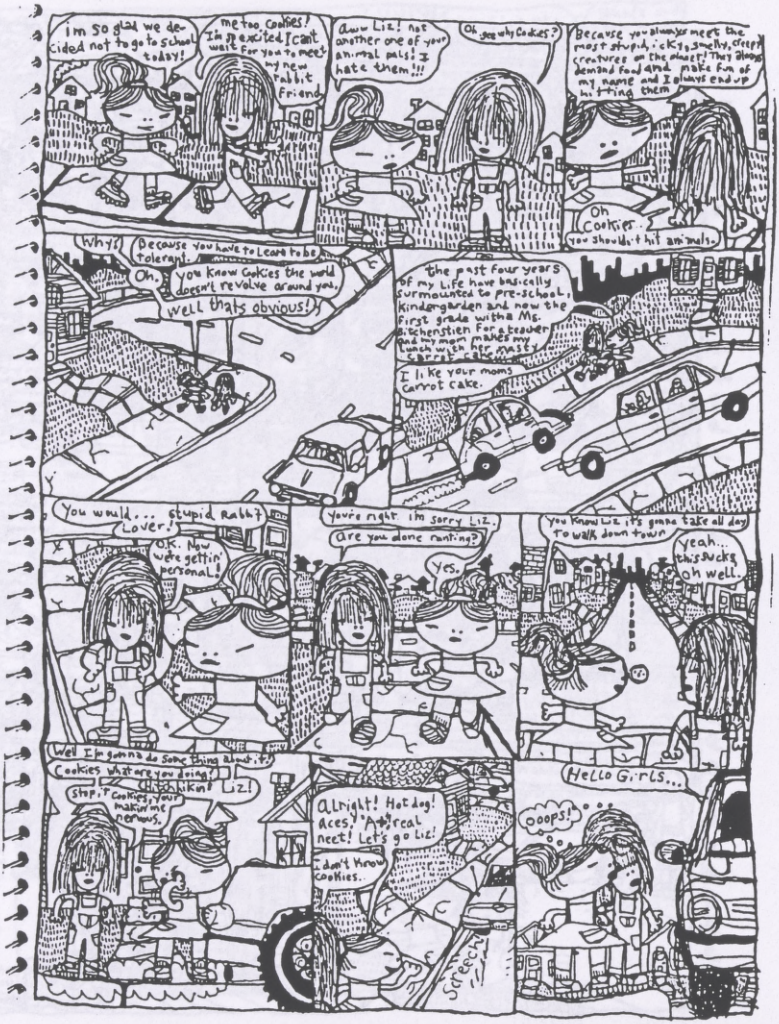
Hello. I just had the most surreal dinner with my mom and her sisters. I guess that they do yhis eating thing like once a month. Count me out. Auntie Doris is fine and superior.
To start with, he Bru broke. It just won't start. You turn the key, and it makes not word one. It makes no sound.
So we get it towed to a garage which tells us to call today, so I do. Well, they didn't get to lok at it yet, call b 4:00.
Well, They didn't get to look b it yb, try calling at %5:30.
Well, they didn't gb to look at it yet, but first thing Mondy.
So the long and short of it is that I'm groundedfor the whole fucking weekend, and if the repairs are gonna cast more than 100 bycks, my mom's gonna junk her, and look for anew one.
Oh, the humanity!

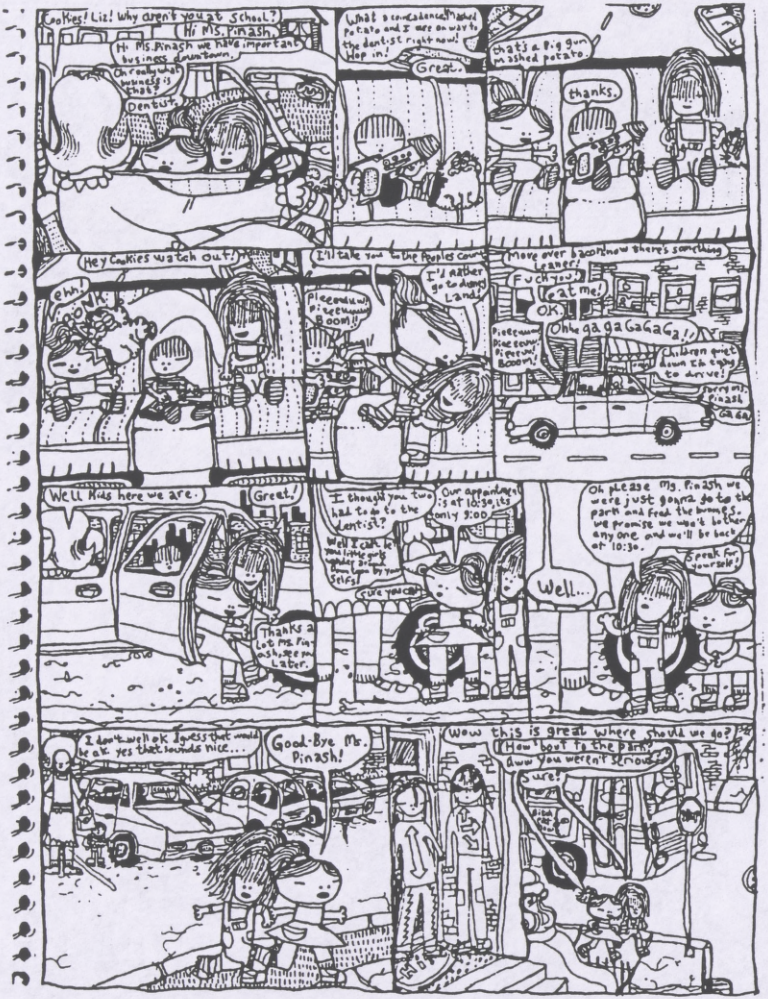
So I'm driving with my mom im her car to pick up Doris at the mall where she works. Then we proceed to the Ruby Tuesday in fairport.
I drive.
We get there and there's a ten minute wait. The party ahead of us, the Robinsons, didn't appreciate it when I offered a toast; here's to you! (Mrs. Robinson, in case you didn't get it; mom and Doris didn't)
Ruth walks in, looks right at me, and keeps going. A beautiful start tb a beautiful evening
"Ruby Tuesday is pleased to welcome the, uh... Helen party, or whatever.

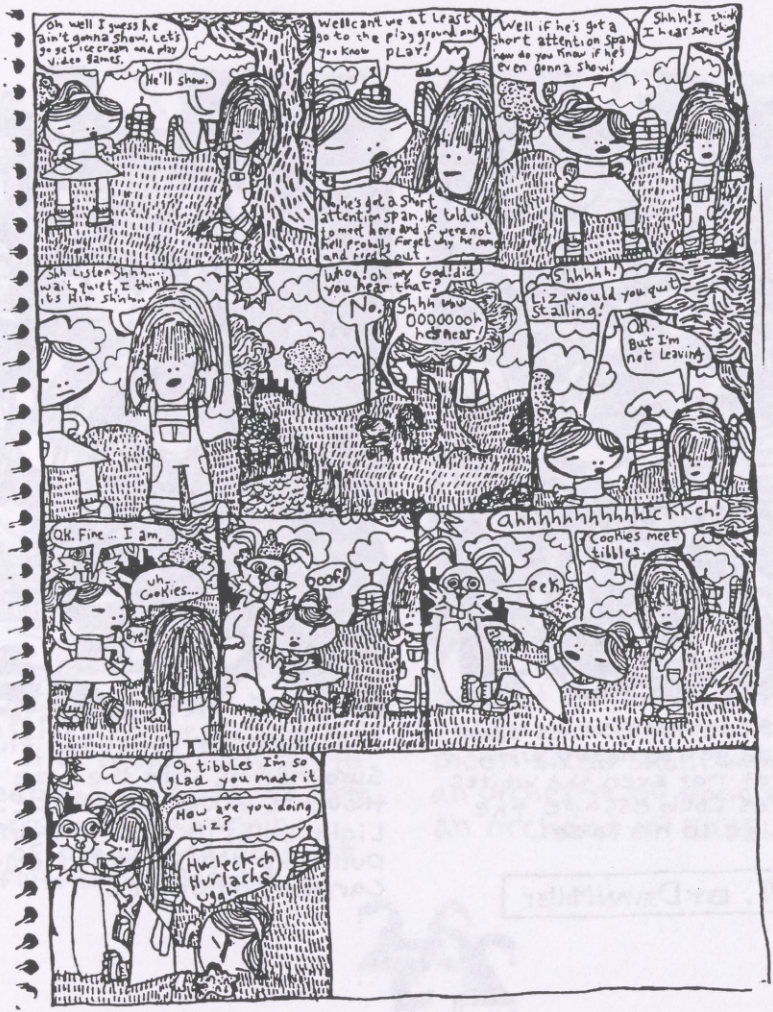
The chance to begin again, in a goldenland of opportunity. Ruby tuesday; whom I believe to be employing a higher rate per capita of underage snatch than any, a third world country lacking equal portions of child labor laws, qualms and running water, has the most overwhelming menu as andrea, our fourteen year old hunchbacked waitress(whom I tink was makh' eyes at me; coulda been doris; coudn't be sure) was happy to tell us.

Lauren and I have decided taat were we to ever have a band, it would be named Fat Jack's Miracle Kitten, after mein padre's chance delivery. Who new that he was to step through the door a and into mortality, I mean immobility or whatever.

It is now 4:40A.M. saturday night . I guess that you could look at each paragraph division as a time passage, because I keep wandering away from the machine. Istarted this correspondence friday night.


I'm SO glad we decided not to go to school today!
me too Cookies! I'm so excited I can't wait for you to meet my new rabbit friend
Awww Liz! not another one of your animal pals! I hate them!!!
Oh, see why Cookies?
Because you always meet the most stupid, icky, smelly, creepy creatures on the planet! They always demand food and make fun of my name and I always end up hitting them
Oh Cookies! You shouldn't hit animals!
Why?
Because you have to learn to be tolerant.
Oh.
You know Cookies the world doesn't revolve around you.
well thats obvious!!
the past four years of my life have basically surmounted to pre-school, kindergarden and now the first grade with a Ms. Bitchenstien For a teacher and my mom makes my lunch with her nasty, barely cake.
I like your moms Carrot cake.
You would... stupid Rabbit Lover!
OK. Now we're gettin' personal!
You're right im sorry Liz.
Are you done ranting?
Yes.
You know Liz it's gonna take all day to walk down town
Yeah... this sucks oh well.
Well I'm gonna do something about it!
Cookies what are you doing?
Liz!
Stop, Cookies, your making me nervous.
Alright! Hot dog! Aces, Ass! Great neet! Let's go Liz!
I don't know Cookies.
Screech!
Hello Girls...
Ooops!


Cookies! Liz! Why aren't you at school?
Hi Ms. Pinash
Hi Ms Pinash we have important business downtown.
Oh really what business is that?
Dentist
What a coincidence! Me and Potato and I were on our way to the dentist right now! Hop in!
Great.
That's a Big Gun mashed potato.
thanks.
Hey Cookies watch out!
Ohh!
I'll take you to the Purples Count
I'd rather go to Disney Land!
Please mr. Icecream Boom!!
Move over boonie now there's somthing
Fuck you Leaner!
Eat me!
OK!
Ohh ga ga Gaga ga!!
Please mr. Icecream Pleeee


Oh well I guess he ain't gonna show. Let's go get ice cream and play video games.
He'll show.
Well can't we at least go to the playground and you know PLAY!
Yeah, he's got a short attention span. He told us to meet here and if we're not he'll probably forget why he came and freak out.
Well if he's got a short attention span how do you know if he's even gonna show.
Shhh! I think I hear something
Shh listen Shhh... wait, quiet, I think it's Jim Shinton
Whoa! oh my God! did you hear that?
No.
Shhh wow OOOOOOOh he's near!
Shhhhh!
Liz would you quit stalling!
OK. But I'm not leaving
ahhhhhhhhhhhhIc KKch!
Cookies meet tibbles.
OK. Fine ... I am,
uh. Cookies...
Oh tibbles I'm so glad you made it
How are you doing Liz?
Hurleckch Hurlachs ugghh

He Often Slept With his Lids open. THey would get so heavy with sleep that not Even the whites of his eyes Could escape the black holes in his Face.

A process of Funelling the Suroundings into the Size of thoughts would take Place. Light bulbs like oxen would pull lamp plows across Fields of carpet and drapes.

THE HEAVY EYE. BY DEVAN MILLER

Pennies roll up and pay themselves to the slots of his eyes, like frantic deposits to a peep show. Names and phone numbers fold into varying sizes of oragami taradactals and flutter into his mind.

A heart shaped invitation becomes a rooster in his moon sized skull. Waking up an orchestra of popcorn in an orchard of ears.

"Burnhilda"

by Anna Welzbicki

I.

I careened down the black ocean of road; wide, smooth and four lanes of bumpy nothingness. The highway was well-marked, well-lit even, still everything beyond the car's frame seemed dark and washed-out. Only the dotted white lines on the naked pavement guided my movements. If those sacred white trails were to dissolve the tires could cling to the pavement no longer. I could fly off a bridge with a twenty degree turn of the steering wheel. Maybe I'd never land.

The song came on the chills raced in and out of my shaking spine. the D.J.'s voice was low and reptilian. I took it deeply and glanced to my side. He was there again, that guy in the passenger seat, urged by the song and by the intonation. He grabbed the wheel and pulled gently to the right. so this was the end, and I thanked god for the guy in the passenger seat. the white lines loosed their tired grip.

II.

- "Are you really gonna do it?" yelped Joyce.

- "Of course I am. I can't not do it anyway." I wasn't a wimp, but Rick didn't know that. Years of my laughter and my dedicated tears and he still didn't know.

I drove on with no clear focus. Id didn't know if killing Lisa (bitch) was worth the consequences, but I was trapped now, I couldn't back out of our plan.

-"I don't wanna scare you, but you could get in big trouble for this," snapped Joyce, her green gum dancing in the cross-wind.

-"No shit, but I won't." I wasn't so sure. I could tell the car wanted gas from its lurching; or maybe it was time for a tune-up. I couldn't tell.

III.

The parking lot was shinny black and completely empty. Allan's truck parked at the back of the lot didn't change anything. I stopped my car, dreading confession.

A glance in Allan's worshiping eyes and the words refused to come. He could never forgive me for wanting Rick. His hurt, his misunderstanding of my needs, no, I remained a secret. Lisa (bitch) was dead.

I gripped Allen tightly; his kisses closed my eyes, and kept them closed. The Buick needed a new air freshener; strawberry? No, Allen didn't need to know.

IV.

I drove to work on the expressway. My gas mileage experiment required a deviation from my back road habits. The radio's volume knob was stuck at full blast; better than silence. And so I blasted down the swarming highway; full of things to speed past.

- "There isn't any love in the air at 8:30 am" said the D.J.

- "Bullshit" was my lost reply.

- "This song goes out to Maggie on her twenty-first birthday, from Paul" said the D.J.

- "Maggie doesn't deserve love". My need was buried but the speedometers depth was only eighty-five. It was like nothing.

V.

I've never had more than nine people in my car before. Someone smelled like fresh sweat. I really needed a new air freshener, possibly pine would be best this time. I tried to remember what the fine was for cramming eleven people into one car.

- Is this, like, legal"? asked a squashed sounding Beth.

- "No" resounded from the direction of Jeff, Todd and me.

God, I was so tired. Possibly it was because of this, or maybe it was just a whim that I decided to drive off the high-rise bridge and kill them all. All the beautiful mangled bodies and the old brown Buick piled up in the Wal-Mart parking lot; it would definitely be a news story. Rick watch the news at six, never at ten. It was seven now. There would be no point in causing so much death at this hour.

VII.

My Buick's name was Burnhilda. I thought it was a good name for the car; Burnhilda the Buick.

I drove down the interstate, the dim pavement creeping by at sixty miles per hour. The road, in all it's black and unforgiveness, belonged only to me. The white lines on the pavement held my hands. Steady restrainment.

And steadily it was that I swerved across the four lanes, ignorant of ropes and other chains.

The song came on again, full blast. I looked at the passenger seat, at the piece of blue lint sitting there. Driving at night... allowed something the day never could.

VI.

Rick walked. He passed me and looked me in the eyes; silent and static. I'm sure he was mentally working out the plans for him and Lisa. I was wishing, with all my heart, that she were dead.

-"High Rick" I said; as natural as a volcanic eruption. I smiled and his grunt was like the sigh of a new born enlightenment. He must have wanted me, so I moved toward the water cooler; not thirsty, but in desperate need of a drink.

- "Wake up" I said to myself. Two in the afternoon and it was just a stupid daydream. Two miles to the Southridge exit. I'd be home in ten minutes.

VIII.

I pushed in the cigarette lighter, not because I had anything to smoke, but because I wasn't sure of it's health. It popped out; coils glowing red and orange.

I heard a thumping noise and went on for a minute before pulling over. It was the back right tire again. I got out of the car.

Rick would be driving down that road soon. I'd wait for him to get here.

I couldn't decide if I should let him change my tire or not. I knew he would stop, though. I just knew it.

PHILISTINE

ROCK ON TO THE PHILI. ART SCHOOL WARRIORS. ATTITUDE COMMANDOS, GIVE IT TO ME LIKE A DOG, I LOVE THAT SHIT. SPEW THE VENOM, SHAKE IT UP, LETS ALL GET PISSED,AND BURN SOME FUCKING SAGE,OR WHATEVER IT IS WE DO IN SAN FRANCISCO.

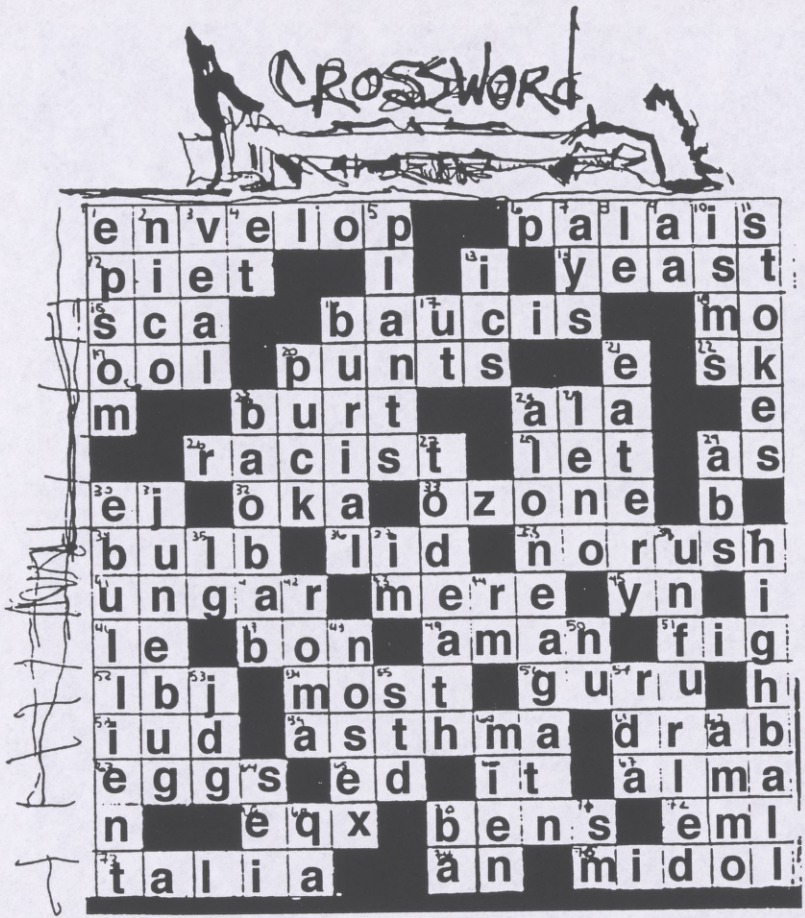
FALL 94 WAS MY FIRST SEMESTER HERE AND I HAVE TO SAY THAT I WAS TRIP'N. THE WALL SPACE ,THE HONORS STUDIO , TALK ABOUT ART SCHOOL HEAD TRIPS. HEY BROTHERS, HEY SISTERS, CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG AND MAKE ART, SOUNDS GREAT RIGHT! SURE IT DOES, SO DO FREE CAMEL RIDES IN THE QUAD. THERE IS SOMETHING LURKING BENEATH THE SURFACE HERE, SOME SERIOUS STANK BACKING UP THE PIPES AND I DON'T KNOW WHOSE ASSHOLE ITS GUSHING FROM. PERSONALLY, I'M OVER IT. SURE ITS A DRAG TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH ATTITUDE, ESPECIALLY ARTITUDE, BUT YA KNOW KIDS, PRICE TAG ASIDE, ITS PRETTY FUCKING COOL TO BE IN A PLACE TO BE ABLE TO DO YOUR THANG AND SWING THE WINGY DINGY TO WHOEVER BOTHERS TO NOTICE. THE LESS YOU WORRY ABOUT SOMEONE ELSES TRUST FUND, AND HOW MUCH MORE YOU COULD DO WITH IT THAN THEM, THE MORE YOU'LL REALIZE THE ATTITUDES AND PEOPLE ATTACHED TO THEM ARE JUST ART SCHOOL FLOTSAM.

REMEMBER PEOPLE, SHIT ALWAYS RISES TO THE SURFACE!

ON THAT BRILLIANT NOTE (POOP FLOATS) I AM OUT.

: AND TO THE PHILISTINE, FUCK THESE APATHETIC WANABEE SAYIN SOMETHING, BUT AS VAGUE AS POSSIBLE. SAVE THE WORLD, LET ME SMOKE one more bowl, tired assholes. Keep at it.

— Somone Who Cares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SAFE SEX?
WHAT A HOAX!